

Oh Baby

written by

Anthony Moore

Copyright © 2016

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

DONNA, a seven foot tall blond bombshell steps out of the passenger side of a rusty blue Ford pickup truck. Her shapely legs are outlined by her tight-fitting black denim jeans, as is her richly rounded tush.

She stops to admire the rustic heat-beaten highway. On the back of her loose fitting black leather jacket, dirty grey letters arched in a bow spell out 'DONNA'. Below them is the symbol of a rat with the word beneath it.

Moving with the skill and grace of a cat, she walks toward the truck stop diner. Her black leather boots kicking up little swirls of dust in the windless dry heat.

PARKING LOT

The parking lot has few cars but many various motorcycles.

BIKER #1 (V.O.)
Hey you! Donna!

She turns her head slightly.

BIKER #1 (V.O.)
Yeah you, bitch!

She turns completely to face the scruffy, mutt-faced, denim-clad BIKER seated side-saddle on a huge Harley Davidson.

BIKER #1
Yur a big un', ain't ya.

Donna stalks slowly towards him.

BIKER #1
So what ya got fo' me, honey? You
know ya look real good in dem
jeans.

Donna stops two feet from him.

BIKER #1
If you think you can handle it we
can go for a ride, so's you can see
what a real--

Donna hits him with such force that he is knocked off his bike and creates a shallow imprint when he lands.

DONNA
(pissed)
I know what a real man feels like.
I ain't your honey. I don't take
kindly to be called bitch. And I
didn't give you permission to call
me by name!

With all his strength, Biker #1 yells.

BIKER #1
BITCH! YOU ARE DEAD!

Putting a thumb and forefinger to his mouth, he whistles, long and loud. BIKERS pour out of and from behind the diner, swarming towards Donna. She spits and declares over the charge of the angry bikers.

DONNA
Remember this.

Seemingly from nowhere, she raises a double-barrel, semi-automatic, sawed-off, laser-sighted rifle. Producing a clip from beneath her jacket, she slaps it into place. Pointing the deadly weapon, she pulls the trigger. Boom!

All in the path go down in an explosion of blood and flesh. Leaking pulps are all that remain of the victims.

Bikers scatter everywhere. The screams of pain and agony can hardly be heard above the double explosion the weapon produces each time Donna squeezes the trigger. Most fail in their attempts to escape her vengeance.

Motorcycles start but none get very far. All are blown apart by the murderous weapon. She continues to unleash the furies of hell upon them.

One biker scrambles behind a fuel pump. He breaths a sigh of relief until the boom of Donna's weapon is heard and he is suddenly on fire. He stumbles around ablaze then falls.

Biker #1 scrambles for cover as she fires at him.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

The parking lot is littered with blood, body parts and burning twisted metal. There are but two bikers left alive.

Biker #1 crawls on his belly with his face in the dirt. BIKER #2 kneels before Donna, pleading pitifully for his life.

BIKER #2
Please... I'll do anything, just
don't kill me!

He tries to scurry away, but his leg has been shot off. Standing over him, without a word, a flinch or mercy, she slowly squeezes the trigger. Boom! The man's expression turns from horror to pain and agony, then to peace.

As she walks away, juices still seep out from Biker #2's wounds. Stalking over to Biker #1, she stands before him. He is missing a leg.

ROAD

A state trooper car pulls up and stops. Two TROOPERS get out. Their expression are of shock and horror.

TROOPER #1
Hooo-leeee-dammm!

TROOPER #2
Geeehosafat.

PARKING LOT

Donna lifts the biker from the ground with one hand. She stares him directly in the eye. She speaks slowly and distinctly.

DONNA
Remember one thing. You don't mess with me, 'cause I wasn't raised to take crap from scum like you.

The state troopers approach cautiously with weapons drawn. Still staring him down, she drops Biker #1 in front of them. The troopers look from her to him, confused.

With the smoking weapon still in hand and dead bodies laying all around, she glances at them. Fearfully they lower their weapons and back away slowly. She grins.

Donna turns and saunters towards the diner. Stepping over the dead and between hunks of still burning bikes, she drops the weapon.

EXT. DINER - DAY

At the entrance to the diner, Donna stops. She doesn't enter but looks to the side. Sitting on a high window ledge next to her head is a jar of 'Oh Baby' baby food, strained peas.

She looks back over her shoulder seductively. She begins to give a sexy snarl. Her snarl turns into a smile, then giggle, then a burst of laughter.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)
CUT! CUT! CUT!

The DIRECTOR in T-shirt and jeans, storms up to her. With the script in hand, he rants.

DIRECTOR
Damn, doll! Can't you do anything right! All you had to do was give us an animal-like snarl with some sex-appeal and say your line.

Donna's smiling face melts away into a look of guilt.

DIRECTOR
We're selling baby food here, dammit! You have to sell it, make the kids love you, want to grow up to be like you!

He snatches the bottle of baby food from the shelf!

DIRECTOR
They have to want to eat what you ate when you were a kid. How's a three-month-old baby supposed to love someone who can't even give a proper snarl! Now get it right!

He slams the bottle down on the shelf.

DIRECTOR
RESET!

Donna wanders off.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The dead rise. CREW rush over with towels and water. Bikers wipe the sweat, dirt and grime from themselves. Some take the water and drink deeply. More CREW rush out carrying fire extinguishers and put out the burning hunks of metal.

The director surveys the cleanup. The GOFER runs up with a clipboard. He watches the director expectantly.

DIRECTOR

We gotta finish this shoot. The people at Oh Baby baby foods are not going to be happy if we have any more overruns on their TV campaign.

(beat)

Get me a water.

The gofer dashes off.

FADE TO BLACK.